The Emporia News.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

From Gleason's Pictorial Battle Ship.

MR. PEABODY'S FIRMNESS.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

Mr. Jotham Peabody's distinguishing characteristic, he was accustomed to call firmness. Some of his friends were wont to term it obstinacy. There will be such little differences of opinion now and then. I don't pretend to settle the question as to which of the two was right, but it was a well-known fact that if you wanted to induce Mr. Peabody to go in one direction, you only had to advise him to go in the opposite.

Mr. Peabody had one child, and that a daughter. Where she got her beauty from was a mystery to all who knew her father, who was a stout, red-faced old gentleman, with turn-up nose, and very irregular features. However, settle that question as we may, Lucy Peabody was pretty, and there was at least one person that knew it.

That one person was Ephraim Robertson, Mr. Peabody's confidential clerk. Somehow he contrived to acquaint Lucy with his preference, and the young lady, so far from being displeased, actually allowed him to kiss her hand, which he did five or six times, probably to make sure that it was properly done.

After Lucy had given her consent, the lovers began to discuss ways and means.

Of course the first thing to be thought of was how the father's consent should be obtained to the marriage. If the subject were broached, he would be pretty sure to refuse at once.

"There is one way," said young Robertson, hesitating.

"What is it?" asked Lucy, brightening up.

Your father is—you'll excuse me for saying it—a little fond of opposition."

"A little!" repeated Lucy. "I certainly shouldn't want him any more so. But this is just what makes me afraid he won't give his consent."

"Suppose," said her lover, "we should turn that to our own advantage."

"How can we?"

"We might pretend to dislike each other."

"I see," said Lucy, clapping her hands. "It's a capital idea."

"And I might make him think I wanted very much to marry Louisa Loomis."

"Perhaps you do," said Lucy, with a little twinge of jealousy.

"A very poor taste I should have if I did," said Ephraim, emphatically.

Lucy brightened up at this, and her appreciation of Ephraim considerably increased.

Dear reader, if I were not a woman I would tell you that the best way to win a woman's affections is, either to praise her, or speak slightly of her rival. (I am an exception to this remark.)

Our next scene opens at the breakfast-table. Lucy had just poured out a cup of coffee for her father.

"How long has Ephraim Robertson been in your employ, father?"

"About five years, Lucy. Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking it was about time to get somebody else."

"Why, what are you thinking of? Why should I get any one else?"

"Somebody that is more agreeable, father."

"Why, what is the matter with him?" inquired her father, looking over his spectacles in surprise.

"Oh, I don't know, only I don't like him."

"And I tell you it is all a silly prejudice," said Mr. Peabody, warming a little. "There isn't a finer young man in the city than Ephraim Robertson. And as for changing for another, you won't catch me very soon doing any such foolish thing."

"Humph!" said Lucy, shrugging her shoulders pettishly, "I don't admire your taste, papa."

"Perhaps," said her father, sarcastically, "you can mention some one whom you would have me employ in his place."

"There's Albert Perkins;—he's a perfect gentleman."

"A perfect puppy!"

"With such a beautiful moustache. and divine whiskers."

"All you girls think of. I tell you," said Mr. Peabody, excited, "he's a brainless idiot, and no more to be compared with Ephraim than—than General Tom Thumb is to General Scott."

"Perhaps not," said Lucy, quietly.

"I dare say you'd be glad to marry this whiskerando," said Mr. Peabody, sarcastically.

"I'd rather marry him than Ephraim Robertson, at any rate," said the young lady, pouting; "but I don't want to be married at all. A single life is much the happiest."

"Well!" ejaculated Mr. Peabody, after Lucy had left the room, "if there was ever an obstinate, wrong-headed girl, that Lucy of mine is one. Don't want to be married! What did women come into the world for, I'd like to know. Zounds! she shall be married in three months. And to take such a prejudice to Ephraim,—why, there isn't a finer fellow in all the country around."

Here Mr. Peabody, having quite finished his breakfast, took his hat and made his way to the counting room. He had scarcely entered, when young Robertson came up to him with a request for a few minutes conversation.

"A few minutes? Certainly. Any business tangle, eh?" said the old gentleman.

"No sir."

"What is it, then? Out with it."

"The fact is, sir, I wished to consult you about a—a—"

"What makes the fellow stutter so?" exclaimed Mr. Peabody.

"In fact, sir, I thought of getting married."

"The old Harry you do!"

"I hope you won't disapprove."

"That depends a little on circumstances; who's the unlucky female you have fixed your thoughts on?"

"Louisa Loomis."

"Louisa Loomis! What in the name of the seven wonders of the world made you think of her?"

"Her beauty, sir."

"Beauty!—she's as homely as a hedge-fence."

"Not to me. Those radiant eyes!" exclaimed Ephraim, in feigned ecstasy.

"They are green. I'll stake my reputation on it."

"Her beautifully arched brow."

"Low—villainously low."

"Her fresh and blooming complexion."

"Sallow—terrible sallow."

"And such a sweet temper."

"She's a perfect vixen."

"Sir," said the young man, "you are my employer, and I am bound to treat you with respect; but I cannot keep silence while you so malign the charms of her who has captivated my affections."

"Tush, Ephraim; you're a fool, and you'll own it sometime! But I say, my lad. I've got a better scheme for you than this of your's. I'll find you a bride superior to this Louisa Loomis you think you are in love with."

Ephraim Robertson shook his head very incredulously and exclaimed:

"I thank you for your kind intention, sir, but it is quite impossible to find one whom I shall consider superior to the charming Louisa."

"Not at all," said Mr. Peabody, with an air of confidence.

"May I enquire, sir," asked the young man, "who it is that you design for me?"

"My daughter."

"I hope," stammered Ephraim, in apparent confusion, "I hope you won't be offended, sir, but—"

"I won't have any buts," returned the old gentleman, hastily. "What objections can you bring to my daughter, you young rascal?"

"Only that I don't love her, and she don't love me."

"Yes she does. She adores you, or will, if I require it."

"But think of my poor Louisa. It will certainly break her heart."

"And serve her right for thinking of you. But don't trouble yourself about that. Women's hearts are tougher than you think for."

"I am confident that Miss Lucy would not accept me."

"Catch her attempting to disobey me!—Pretty conduct it would be in a daughter, truly."

"But I should not want her affections forced. We should never live together happily if that were the case."

"Stuff and nonsense! You'd come to it after awhile. Besides, as somebody says, 'it's always better to begin with a little dislike.'"

"I'll take a week to consider it, sir."

"A week! You may have till to-morrow morning—not an hour more. I'll see Lucy and arrange about it."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, in a subdued tone.

"And you'll just bear one thing in mind,—if you don't choose to accede to my wishes you may find yourself another place—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thought I'd bring him round," said Mr. Peabody complacently. "There shan't be any mutiny in my camp."

Full of his new project, Mr. Peabody went home to dinner early, impatient to announce it to his daughter.

"What—marry Ephraim Robertson!" exclaimed Lucy, in well counterfeited dismay.

"Certainly."

"But you know, papa, I don't want to be married at all."

"All folly. Do you think I'm going to have any old maids in my family?"

"Besides, I don't like Ephraim Robertson."

"You'll learn to."

"And—and he doesn't like me."

"Doesn't he? See if he doesn't offer himself in three days."

"Couldn't you pick out somebody else, father?" asked Lucy.

"Who can you want better than Ephraim? Besides, I've passed my word to him, and I won't withdraw."

"At least put it off for a year, father dear," entreated Lucy, trying to look very disconsolate.

"No use," said the father, with Roman obduracy. "It shall come off as soon as you can get ready the millinery fixings."

Lucy protested that her father was a tyrant, to which he listened very complacently, as if it was a pleasing compliment. On the whole, however, she concluded that filial duty required her to obey her father, even when her inclinations were opposed.

The marriage took place at an early day, and I am obliged to confess that Lucy went through the trying scenes with a commendable degree of fortitude.

"Didn't I tell you I knew better how to make you happy than you did yourself? said Mr. Peabody, triumphantly, some three months after the wedding. "You wouldn't believe it, Ephraim, ha, ha! but Lucy wanted me to discharge you only a little while before you were married."

"I've changed my mind," said Lucy, demurely.

"And Ephraim—it makes me laugh to think of it—thought he was in love with Louisa Loomis."

"I've changed my mind, too," replied Ephraim.

"I knew you'd say so, when it was all over," said the old gentleman, rubbing his hands complacently. "Now, as for me, I never need to change my mind, because, you see I'm never unreasonable in the first place."

Ephraim and Lucy glanced at each other with a smile, and the old gentleman leisurely lighted his cigar, and—you see, dear reader, after all, *my story ends in smoke!*

A CHRISTMAS TALE.—While the last century was flourishing, there dwelt in what is now a famous city not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer illustration of that cold compound of incompatibles, called "human nature."

It was a Christmas Eve, of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so bitter cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl; and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant:

"It's a terrible cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, Widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Scip. Fill it full of wood. Pile on a good load; and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed; and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again.

"Stop, Scip. You need not go now.—*The weather has moderated.*"

"Again Our Flag is at the Mast."

The following "song of triumph" was composed by Theodore W. Brown, editor of the *Wisconsin Chief*, on the re-commencement of his paper. It appears accompanied by music as beautiful as the words:

Again our flag is at the mast,
As proudly as of old,
And leaping on the joyous blast
As if within its folds,
A thousand hearts alive and true,
Were throbbing on its field of blue.

Its consecration was in storm
When first we nailed it there—
Thro' many since it has been borne
As fierce with battle glare.
The seams upon its battered field,
Bespeak the foeman's angry steel.

The gallant craft upon the rocks
Was driven by the storm;
The harpies marked the fatal shock
And o'er the bulwarks swarmed.
They thought to reach that pennon free,
And pluck the "Eagle of the Sea."

We rent it from the splintered staff
Against the fearful odds,
And bore it from the sinking craft—
We strike to none but God.
A cloud by day—a flame by night,
The flag's still streaming in the fight.

We triumph now! another shaft
Unrolls it to the breeze,
But those who nailed it to the mast
Still bear it o'er the seas;
For God has yet the foe to make
Who drags it to the rending deck.

We wake our "Wardog" from his lair,
While swinging from the shore;
There's battle in his burning glare,
And in his sullen roar;
While Browns are left, that flag shall wave,
And only droop upon their graves.

LOVE ME LAST.

Friend, whose smile has come to be
Very precious unto me—
Though I know I drank not first
Of your love's bright fountain-burst,
Yet I grieve not for the past,
So you only love me last!

Other souls may find their joy
In the blind love of a boy:
Give me that which years have tried,
Disciplined and purified;
Such as, braving storm and blast,
You will bring to me at last!

There are brows more fair than mine—
Eyes of more bewitching shine—
Other hearts more fit, in truth,
For the passion of thy youth;
But their transient empire past,
You will surely love me last!

Wing away your summer time—
Find a love in every clime;
Roam in liberty and light—
I shall never stay your flight;
For I know, when all is past,
You will come to me at last!

Change and flutter, as you will,
I shall smile securely still;
Patiently I trust and wait,
Though you tarry long and late:
Prize your spring till it be past—
Only, only love me last!

Philadelphia Eve. Post.

The Apples of New England.

Here are glimpses of a pleasant picture from a little poem by Mrs. A. Denison:

The apples of New England!
How hang their loaded boughs,
Over the grey stone fences,
In reach of the dappled cows;
Of every red-cheeked Baldwin,
Hath a merry song to sing
Of some old moss-roofed cottage,
Where the farmer is a king.

The Russets of New England!
What ruddy fires they see,
Where the crack of the veiny walnut
And the crack of the pine agree;
Where the herbs hang high in the chimney,
And the cat purrs on the hearth,
And rollicking boys guess riddles
With many a shout of mirth.

O! the Pippins of New England!
What lovers' smiles they see,
When their yellow coats, in letters,
Tell tales at the apple-bee;
What rosy cheeks at the quiltings!
What kissing in husking time,
That soon lead off to the parson,
Or end in a wedding chime.

O! the apples of New England!
They are famous in every land,
And sleep in silver baskets,
Or blush in a jeweled hand;
They swell in delicious dreaming
On a beautiful crimson lip,
And a taste of nectared blisses
No lover has dared to sip.

Woman Without Religion.

A man without religion is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity and to the wondrous eternity that is begun with him; but a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may, in some sort, tie his frail hopes and honors, with weak shifting ground tackle, to business or to the world; but a woman without that anchor called Faith is a drift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of moral responsibility out of his relations to mankind; but a woman, in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection, and not purpose, is the controlling motive, can find no basis for any system of right action but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thought and brain to truthfulness in such a poor harborage as Fame and Reputation may stretch before him; but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in Heaven? And what sweet truthfulness, that abiding love—tightening them with the pleasant radiance, when the world's storms break like an army of smoking cannon—what can bestow it all, but a holy soul-tie to what is above the storms, and to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who that has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother but will echo the thought with energy and hallow it with a tear!

BROWN'S ARSENAL.—Among Brown's effects now in custody of the Virginia army at Harper's Ferry, are duly registered, five pocket combs, evidence sufficient to convince any Virginia jury of his intention to attack the domestic institutions of the South. Two bottles of medicine also are inventoried, clearly intended to disturb their internal affairs. There are also two papers of pins, one emery, and one old portmonnaie, two yards of cotton flannel, two balls of twine, and various domestic articles, quite harmless at the North, but sufficient to arm a dozen or two of abolitionists, and overthrow the Ancient Dominion. The pocket maps of Kentucky, Delaware and Maryland show what a narrow escape those States had. —*O. S. Journal.*

A few weeks since the good people of the quiet rural village near Carlisle, Penn., were much astonished one Sunday morning by the appearance at church, in a solid, orderly phalanx, of Dan Rice's entire Show Company, who happened to be stopping there over the Sabbath.

From the Wisconsin Chief.

About Stoves.

A stove, madam, is an abomination—a palpable invention of the enemy. Not for its colds, bronchial diseases, or consumptions alone. There are other charges against them. They have driven out the light and warmth of the olden time dispensation, and inaugurated one of gloom. They are cheerless—unsocial. Dark, forbidding, and breathing out a parched and enervating heat, they sullenly sentinel the sanctuaries they have usurped. The old fire place was a fitting emblem of the old friendships, and hospitalities, and honest greetings, it engendered and witnessed—open, genial, glowing. There was a broad smile crept out from under its ample forestick and kindled upward, and its embers winked and nodded how-are-you, as the lights and shades chased each other over the timbers to the cheery singing of the sap which bubbled out on the ends the axe had cleft. And the flames, after dancing and leaping over the walls with the shadows, peeped merrily under the mantle, and vanished up the chimney. The dog and the cat, ever more happy in that good old light, and the children plied the jack-knife on choice bits of pine, or with treacherous strings and crumbs attached, drew the cricket from his covert between the stones. And when the winter storm beat against the panes, it was pleasant to hear the chiming of the old fashioned bells—old fashioned, I say—ringing above the storm, and hear merry voices at the door, and see friends in cloaks, and overcoats, burst in with the blinding gust and stomp their way to the hearth, and shake off the drifting snow by the melting warmth. The boys, [they had boys in those days!] were ordered to pile on more wood, and the crackling flames kept gleeful time to the unstinted wagging of every tongue. A visit from such friends, was worth the while. They were of solid flesh and blood and earnest hearts. Their hands had the grip of a vice. The women of that day had not all been transferred into Hatties, and Nettie, and Jennies, and a thousand other babyish, confectionery terms to hide the good old Saxon, but we had Aunt Marys, Margarets, Pollys and Rebeccas.

I tell you, sir, *there were women in those days.*

As I was saying, the fire was built in the "spare room," but all through the evening, the honest spoken, healthy, substantial mothers would slip quietly back into the kitchen where the turkey was basting before the fire, and standing in the corner, look into the trusty blaze, which told no secrets, and have a right down good chat of various matters.

Perhaps the visit was from a company of boys and girls—not gentlemen and ladies—a plump load, buried under cozy robes, and sweeping up to the door with a shout which startled all of us to the window. The swaying light was held aloft by our "gals" and the monster load helped out, each leaning so trustingly on arms which had crept around like a holding tie for the safety of one who *might* be cold, or who *might* fall out by the way! while the bells shot round the corner to the barn, the hoods and cloaks were removed, and cheeks with a lovlier bloom than could be charged to the weather, opening like roses to the fire light.—Then the tide of talk and feeling swelled from a score of tongues and hearts, until the house rang again with the sounds. The pie—pumpkins and apple, you must understand—and sweet-cakes were passed, the old folks slipped quietly out and away to bed, and then—

Well, what is the use of getting garrulous of these things, to a person who never saw a generous old farm-house or a fire place. It does us good, however, to talk of them, for their memories come over us like a pleasant dream. We forgot that half a century has gone by since then, yet under the locks of snow, the fire of "other days" kindles for the time and we feel like springing after the first handsome face which shall mischievously peer around the standing ring, and dare us to a strife of "Snap em' and-catch 'em." In the meantime, the fire was forgotten and wanned, the mirth grew less noisy, and couples slid away and sat cozily in corners, and kept up a murmuring undertone of conversation. The old clock had been wickedly turned back, but time wore on nevertheless, and some more courageous one sprang up and broke the charm. The buzz of voices swelled up again, and there was hurrying after the "things," and while hoods were tied, eyes were turned up to see where certain "fellers" were standing with their hats in hand. The good byes were spoken and sealed with a kiss, and the load again huddled into the sleigh, and the impatient horses sped away over the crisping snow. Couples were dropped here and there, and one of the good times, like a dream whose pleasant memories linger, faded out into the shadows of a morning nap.

SCRIPTURE DICK.—The Chenango county (N. Y.) *Telegraph* tells the following story of the early life of the sage of the Susquehanna, Daniel S. Dickenson:

In his youth, so the story runs, Daniel was apprenticed to the respectable trade of a clothier, in Deacon A——'s establishment, in Guilford. After a few week's trial, being found an "unprofitable servant," or, in other words, inclined to "shirk" his task, and rather tricky withal, the Deacon signified his ability to dispense with the services of his new apprentice, who thereupon made out a bill for services rendered, which the former considered exorbitant and refused to pay. Daniel went off, but in a few days returned with his benign and plastic countenance moulded into a contrite and repentant cast, and expressing sorrow for his past misdeeds, begged to be again taken on trial. The Deacon, in the goodness of his heart, took the penitent boy back, and he went on with his trade two or three weeks longer, when one Saturday he asked leave to make a visit home. This being readily granted, he volunteered to collect some accounts which the Deacon had in the neighborhood to which he was going. Bills being furnished he set out on his visiting and collecting tour. Monday morning came, but instead of the penitent Daniel, there came from him to the Deacon an account current, wherein the latter was charged for all the time which the boy had spent with him, and also fees for collecting the bills which he had taken, and was duly credited with money received thereon, the balance being enclosed. Soon after, we believe, he was very properly put into a lawyer's office.

Motto for the Harper's Ferry Trial—"It wont do to give it up so, *Mr. Brown.*"

From the Tazewell Register.

A Burning Well in Bureau County, Illinois.

We had the pleasure of meeting a few evenings since, at the American House in this city, Mr. David Yaple and family, from Erie county, Pennsylvania, who were on their way to visit some relations about fifty miles south of Pekin. From them we gather some interesting facts relating to a burning well, accidentally discovered a short distance from Boyd's Grove, in Bureau county, about three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon of last week. It appears that, on the premises of a farmer whose name our informant had forgotten, and within a few feet of his house, which was a fine two-story dwelling, a well had been previously dug, thirty-seven feet in depth, and which had become entirely dry. From the bottom of it the proprietor had commenced boring for water, and the operator had at this time reached a still further distance of forty feet, when he struck a spring that commenced rapidly flowing; so great was the discharge, that, frightened from his work, he fled, leaving the auger in the hole. On reaching the surface, he called for a little girl to light a candle for the purpose of letting down in the well, when, as she opened the door of the house with it in her hand, the atmosphere around seemed to take fire, but after one flash, the blaze was confined to the vicinity of the well, reaching to the height of fifteen feet and upwards! The little girl was badly burned upon the arm and other parts of her body; the man who had escaped from the well had one side of his face completely blistered, while another workman, making the only three who were present, was also considerably injured by the sudden flash. The neighborhood was of course soon aroused, and although hundreds visited the spot, many working night and day, it was not until Friday morning that the flames were completely extinguished. During this time, a piazza attached to the house was first removed, next a complete wing, in order to save the main building, as in every change of wind the flames were driven in that direction with such force as even to char the woodwork. The well was again filled up with earth, but to little avail as regards a final extinguishment, as Mr. Raple, when he visited the spot on Friday morning, describes the flames as breaking through the loose earth of the well like flashes of gunpowder running along upon the ground. When he left, the fire upon the surface appeared to be smothered, which had been finally accomplished by the crowd beating upon it with flat boards.

Such occurrences were formerly quite frequent in the vicinity of the Muskingum river and other portions of Ohio, as well as other Western States, but the finding of such a reservoir of inflamable gas in this section of Illinois is somewhat remarkable. There were those in attendance here who, not able to account for it, supposed that the end of the world had come, while not a few imagined that an entrance had been made into that lower region where no thermometer is kept to regulate the extremes of heat supposed there to prevail during all the season.

HOW THE ARSENAL AT HARPER'S FERRY WAS TAKEN SO EASILY.—How did it happen that the recent insurgents got possession of the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry with such ease? The reason is plain. Some four years ago, the Hon. C. J. Faulkner, Democratic M. C. from that District, got a bill through Congress in consequence of which the army officers previously in charge there were displaced by civilians. Of course, Mr. Faulkner had the places assigned to members of the first families, who were favorable to his own preferment—though he afterwards quarreled with them and became a loser of votes by the operation. But the change was a needless one, and was accomplished for corrupt purposes, and had it never been made, Brown and his coadjutors would not have succeeded as they did in capturing the establishment.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE BIRDS, &c.—Mr. Beecher, in a "word from the country," tells his independent readers that,—

"It may be of some comfort to you to know that birds are nearly through their song season. It is only in maidenhood and marriage that they sing. Like many other pretty creatures upon whose musical education great pains have been bestowed, birds, after they go to house-keeping and have children to bring up, forget to play much and quite neglect all their accomplishments. The dear little sparrow—the song sparrow—is an exception. This little homely bird sings right through the year, in green leaf, yellow leaf and sear leaf."

EXPERIENCE.—There is a pretty German story of a blind man, who, even under a misfortune, was happy—happy in a wife he passionately loved; her voice was sweet and low, and he gave her credit for that beauty which (had he been a painter) was the object of his idolatry. A physician came, and curing the disease, restored the husband to sight, which he chiefly valued as it would enable him to gaze on the lovely features of his wife. He looks, and sees a face hideous in ugliness! He is restored to sight, but his happiness is over. Is not this our history? Our cruel physician is Experience.

GIDDINGS' CONTRIBUTION TO THE KANSAS WORK.—The distinguished manipulators of Jno. Brown's correspondence perpetrated a very shabby fraud in altering the letter in which an allusion was made to a "J. R. G." (Joshua R. Giddings,) to make it appear that he had taken "stock" in the Harper's Ferry "Scare" to the amount of $300, when in fact he had simply contributed $3 to Mr. Brown, without the slightest knowledge of his plans! If there is any baser way of manufacturing party capital than this, we have never heard of it.

FLUENT SPEAKERS.—The common fluency of speech, in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of a language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people can come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.—*Swift.*

A broker, whose mind was always full of quotations, was asked, a few days since, how old his father was? "Well," said he, abstractedly, "he is quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect he will reach par, and possible be at a premium."

A First-rate Corn Bread.

It is hard to conceive, what, as a nation, we should do without our great staple Indian corn, of which about a thousand million bushels or more than *fifty thousand million pounds!* are now annually produced in our country. What crop would take its place! As an article of food it is both healthy and nutritious, and is hardly excelled even by wheat. Yet comparatively few families make any account of it in the culinary department. The hasty-pudding or mush, poorly made, and not half boiled, the Johnny Cake (journey cake?) made essentially of meal, salt, and water, or a little milk, are the chief articles of diet prepared from corn, in three families out of four. No wonder, children grow up with a dislike of it, and in after life feel as an old gentleman remarked to us recently: "I don't want any 'Indian' in my family, I had enough of it while a boy." But this should not be so; there is an almost infinite variety of wholesome, nourishing, healthful preparations to be made of Indian corn, which are both pleasant to the taste and economical withal. (A pound of meal usually costs less than half the price of a pound of flour, while it contains about the same amount of nutriment.) We have given several recipes for the preparations referred to, some cheap, and some more expensive, and we shall give many others. Here is one, partly meal and partly flour which we have used for a few months, and which to our taste is first-rate:

To one quart of thick sour milk, or of buttermilk, add 1½ teacupfuls of molasses; 3 cups fine meal; 3½ cups of flour; 1 teaspoonful of salt, and 2 teaspoonfuls of soda. (Sweet milk may be used as well, by adding only 1½ teaspoonfuls of soda, and 3 of cream of tartar.) Stir well together; put into a basin, and steam *three* hours, then bake *one* hour. It is moist and delicious, and will keep good for several days. The steaming may be done in a regular steaming vessel, or in any kettle by simply setting the basin upon a brick block, to support it above the boiling water—just as bread is steamed.—The kettle will need to be covered, of course. —*American Agriculturist.*

FINDING THE ROAD.—A Yankee traveling the other day in Dauphin County, rode up to a Dutchman cutting bushes along the fence, and asked him the road to Harrisburg.

"To Harrisburg. Vell, you see dat roat, pon de hilt?" Pointing in that direction.

"O yes, I see it."

"Vell, den, you musht not take dat roat. You see dis roat by tee coal bank?"

"Yes."

"Vell, dat ish not ter roat, too, but you must go right straight by tee barn dare, and ven you see von roat jhust so, (bending his elbows, and describing at the same time,) and ven you kit dere, keep right along till you get furder. Vell, den you will turn tee botato patch round, de bridge over de river up stream, and de hill up, and directly you see mine prodder Fritz's parn, shingled mit straw, dats de house where mine prodder lives. He'll dell you better as I can. And you go little bit furder, you see two roats—you must not take both of 'em."

The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.

An anecdate relative to the late Professor Wilson, is just now circulating. When the suiter for the hand of Professor Wilson's daughter had gained the lady's approbation, he was, of course, referred to papa. Having stated his, probably, not unexpected case, the younger gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and doubtless her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, for review, some work, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "*With the author's compliments.*" He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

WISDOM IN A STRANGE PLACE.—At the late Democratic Convention in Lorain county, the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions reported as follows—which report was adopted:

Mr. President, we are opposed to resolutions; we are now embarrassed by some we have made heretofore; we think we had better not make any, for we don't know where we may land another year.

A most sensible Democrat, that! The only wise course these politicians can take is to resolve not to resolve.—*Springfield News and Journal.*

In one of the rural towns in Vermont, there lived a man who was accused of stealing sheep, and the day was set when he was to answer the charge before a court of justice. But as it happened, before the day of trial, he sickened and died. His old mother was overwhelmed with grief, and sat long by the corpse, filling the house with wailing and lamentation. At last, a thought seemed to strike her; she brightened up, and throwing up her hands, she joyously ejaculated: "Well, thank God, he's out of the sheep scrape, anyhow."

Dr. Parr, when a boy at Harrow, had, by intense study, acquired so solid a looking face for his age, that one day Sir William Jones said to him jokingly: "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face."

A CHANCE FOR GIRLS.—The Agricultural Society which holds its fair at Dundee, Mich., in October, offers a premium of five dollars to the young lady who will "pare a peck of potatoes in the shortest time and do it the best."

An exchange publishes two lines of the great epic upon General Jackson, written by a western bard:

"When you see their eyes glisten, then my men fire!"
Were the last dying words of A. Jackson Esquire.

We should manage our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.

According to the new Philadelphia Directory, there are eighty John Smiths in that city, but how many silver or blacksmiths is not stated.

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautified by the shining through it of a God.—*Jacobi.*

Osawatomie Brown was a soldier in the war of 1812, and fought at the battle of Plattsburgh.